

E S C A N E S.

Royal sir,

This sad companion, dull-ey'd melancholy,
So long carest, shou'd now be cast aside.

P E R I C L E S.

O never, never: do not interrupt me.
In the day's glorious walk, or peaceful night,
When grief shou'd seem to sleep, a welcome guest,
She fills my anxious thoughts and broken slumbers
With the lov'd image of my lost Thaisa,
And prompts me to rehearse the oft-told tale
Of her disastrous end: and chiefly now
I come to seek the phoenix that took life
From her dead ashes—But I've almost done—
We left my princess in her wat'ry tomb,
And, as the winds gave way, arriv'd at Tharfus.
Here to your royal parents I committed
(Whose love I had experienc'd and deserv'd)
My only child, to give her education
Suiting her rank, and in some sort supply
Her pious mother's loss. And this the rather,
For that the peace of Tyre was sorely broken
By foreign foes, and treasons bred at home:
For I have drunk the dregs of all misfortunes.
I vow'd too then, though it shou'd wilful in me,
That all unsister'd shou'd this heir of mine
Remain till she were marry'd. Those commotions,
That long embroil'd me, being now compos'd;
I'm come to pay my thanks, and claim my daughter.

Q U E E N.

Unhappy prince! wou'd hea'ven have heard my
pray'rs,
Thy sweet Marina now by my lov'd side
Had bless'd thy longing eyes; but wretched mortals
In vain oppose the powers that rule above 'em: